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SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

"A-HOY!"—A chance for any person desirous of escaping from the οἱ πολλοί, and making his home upon an island "all to himself." Hoy, one of the celebrated Orkney group of islands, is for sale. This is a healthy spot, in fact it may now be said to be most salubrious. Information gleaned from the *Liverpool Courier* shows that "the island comprises 40,000 acres, rises abruptly"—like the angry hero of a novelette—"from the sea, consists of a mountain having different eminences or peaks"—this piques one's curiosity—"is very steep, and has a noble and picturesque effect from all points of view." We trust it may also have a beautifying and ennobling effect upon the purchaser. Besides all these advantages, it possesses a large pillar of rock, 300 feet high, known as "The Old Man of Hoy." The legend attached to this promontory is as follows:—

There was an old party of Hoy,
Who in life couldn't find any joy,
So he sold all his stock,
Got transformed into rock,
Did this marvellous "broth of a hoy."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Old Gent (lately bitten with the Craze). "AND THAT CONFOUNDED MAN SOLD ME THE THING FOR A SAFETY!"

BEST congratulations to the First Lord of the Treasury on his happy idea of promoting a scheme for the presentation of a testimonial to old TOM MORRIS, doyen of golf professionals, and keeper of the Green of the Royal and Ancient Club, at St. Andrews. An undeviating devotion of sixty years to the interests of the Scotch sport has won for TOM the thankful admiration of all lovers of the game, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. BALFOUR's appeal will result in a bunker—we mean a bumper—testimonial to the Grand Old Golfic Gladiator. For the edification of a future generation of golf devotees there should also be constructed a statuette of the veteran,

To stand in the Club smoking-room
Plain for all folk to see;
TOM MORRIS just about to "putt"
A ball across the Dee;
And underneath be written,
In letters all of gold,
How gloriously he kept the green
In the brave days of old.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.—Readers of the *Daily Telegraph* have become vegetarians. They are subsisting on a diet of lov(e)age.

THE INTERESTING CASE OF MR. BRIEFLESS.

I HAVE been requested by a large number of the profession to which I have the honour to belong, to bring a matter of some personal importance before the public in an appropriate manner. It seems to me that I cannot carry out this instruction more judiciously than by communicating with the Editor of a paper representing by universal consent the Bench, the Bar, and the Populace. I am assisted in this task—one of considerable delicacy—by a document that came into my hands at a time when the scheme, now full grown, was in its infancy. It is a note from "Mr. Senior," who presided at my mess in Hall some weeks before the commencement of the present Long Vacation. It speaks for itself:—

"MY DEAR BRIEFLESS,—In reply to your letter, 'No, I certainly was not joking.' It is true that we four had got to the third bottle of our after-dinner port; but in that admission I see no reason for assuming that our intellectual faculties had failed us. No; I shall be only too pleased if the proposed Testimonial should become an accomplished fact. To put it tersely, if Athletics are to be rewarded, why should Learning wait? Yours sincerely, ——."

I purposely omit the signature—an influential one—as I have no desire to bring undue pressure to bear in a cause so purely personal to myself. I need scarcely say that a Testimonial, even when it takes the shape preferred by *Mr. Micawber*, is highly gratifying. But when the matter was first broached, I had serious doubts whether I would maintain the dignity of the Bar if I became a party to the proceedings that would bring it to a successful issue. This being so, I have little hesitation in laying before you this case and opinion. The first—at request—was prepared by myself; the latter was appended by a Counsel whose name, if revealed, would carry great weight, not only with lawyers but the community at large.

CASE.

It is proposed to give Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., a Testimonial, which it is intended shall take the shape of a bag of money, in consideration of his services to the Bar. It is in contemplation that this money shall be collected from the human race in general, and the British public in particular. It may be suggested—not that the contention has as yet arisen—that there is something derogatory in a Barrister-at-Law receiving pecuniary assistance from persons other than those of his kith and kin. Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., although enjoying a very considerable practice as things go—he has held no less than three consent briefs during the last five years—is not very wealthy, and it must be admitted that a grant would not be an unwelcome incident in his career. For all that he would shrink from doing anything that might be considered derogatory to his title of "esquire"—a distinction that he not only holds as his father's heir, but by the usage of his office.

You are requested therefore kindly to say—

1. Can Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., receive a Testimonial of a bag of money without laying himself open to the charge of being an accessory before and after the fact of an act of maintenance?

2. Assuming that there is nothing in the first suggestion, will Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., in accepting the sum of money it is proposed to hand to him, be guilty of an act of contributory negligence, bringing about a loss of dignity to the Bar?

3. Should there be nothing in the latter suggestion, is it desirable that, instead of a bag of money, the Testimonial should take the shape of a golden snuff-box, a service of plate, or some equally costly article? It is strongly urged that, if practicable, this course should not be advised, as such articles are invariably embarrassing.

And to consult and advise generally.

OPINION.

I do not think that the reception of a bag of money by Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., would amount to maintenance. But it would be advisable that the learned gentleman should undertake not to use any of the sum in defraying costs.

As the ancient manner of paying counsel was to drop an honorarium into the bags worn at the back of their robes, I can see nothing derogatory to the profession in Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., accepting the proposed Testimonial.

I do not see that a distinction can be drawn between coins of the realm and their equivalent. Both are equally acceptable. If Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Jun., prefers cash to snuff-boxes, there is no reason why he should not receive the former in preference to the latter.

I would advise that the Testimonial be collected at once, and presented as quickly as possible. (*Signed*) ——.

I have nothing further to say beyond hinting that the project has already been taken up with a fair amount of enthusiasm. Many firms of manufacturers have expressed a desire to send subscriptions (which they wish to see published in the daily papers) on the score "that they have been happy enough never to have had cause to avail themselves of my valuable professional services."

And now I must apologise for so lengthy a contribution. I have nothing to add, save that should a Testimonial be organised, I shall be glad were the subscriptions fixed at £1 3*s.* 6*d.* Out of that sum I should, of course, deduct half-a-crown as an appropriate recognition of the services of my admirable and excellent clerk, Mr. PORTINGTON. (*Signed*) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

Pump-handle Court, September 9, 1895.

THE TURTLE-DOVE OF PEACE; OR, THE LORD MAYOR IN FRANCE.

["Sir JOSEPH RENALS said he hoped his visit would serve to dissipate the idea that there was a spirit of hostility towards France in England. If he succeeded in removing that misunderstanding, he considered he would have rendered a great service to his country."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

A CONTINENTAL TRIP.

First Man (tasting beer). "HULLO! I ORDERED LAGER. THIS ISN'T LAGER!"
Second Man (tasting). "NO; BUT IT'S JOLLY GOOD, ALL THE SAME!"
Third Man (tasting). "C'EST MAGNIFIQUE! MAIS CE N'EST PAS LAGER-R-R!"

HAPPY HARROGATE.

(A Traveller's Thank-Offering.)

FAITH! I feared I was bound for that general bourne, which we all must approach through one narrow gate,
But, oh! once again I have felt heart and brain hurried up by the waters of Harrogate.
(Here's jolly good luck to them!)
Doctor BLACK of that place of my bothersome case did *not* make a muddle or mull, for,
I owe strength of limb, heart and stomach, to him, and those terrible doses of sulphur!
(And stoutly I *stuck* to them.)
And true gratitude rules at present my mood (though gratitude's rather a rarity),
And that's why I'd say just a good word to-day for an excellent Harrogate charity,
(A regular A-Wonner!)
That fine Yorkshire Home for Incurables! Come, ye who've got from the sulphur springs benefit,
And put in your "mite" in the slot, which will quite hold a pound, yet a shilling or penny fit.
(You just ask the "Stunner!")
The Duchess of DEVONSHIRE opened the *fête* and bazaar, driving over from Bolton,
The Abbey, you know, a most picturesque show, which the tourist has got a firm "holt" on,
(I use the vernacular!)
Her Grace by her kirtle had good Dr. MYRTLE, who unto the Tykes introduced her,
And when that she pleaded for funds sorely needed I hoped there were few who refused her.
(That's neat and oracular!)
The good *Yorkshire Post* says the Home may well boast of much honoured names as subscribers,
And Alderman FORTUNE (appropriate name!) and SAVERY (two blameless bribers
Of folks to do duty)
Spake up for the Home. Shall poor invalids roam, in pain, and alone and untended,
When at brave Harrogate it may be their kind fate to be doctored, and fed, and befriended?
(By Wisdom *and* Beauty!)
Doctors MYRTLE and SOLLY, it makes me feel jolly—by sulphur wells made sulphur weller—
To say a good word! Mr. JOSHUA WHITWORTH—Hon. Sec.—is "a jolly good feller"
(And so's Miss M. SMITH).
The Leeds Engineers' Band was all there, gay and grand, and Sir—what was it?—ha!—MATTHEW DODSWORTH,
Not lengthily clatters about such Home matters, he knows what a wink or a nod's worth
(In point there is pith).
Oh, MYRTLE! Oh, BLACK! Should I ever come back to that doctor-ruled, sulphur-drenched region,
May potions and baths, and those brisk plateau-paths cure my pains as before, though they're legion
(And spare me that narrow gate).
But—here's to that Home for Incurables! Rome was not built in a day, so they tell us.
But Charity always beginneth at home, and I'd say, if Bath will not be jealous—
That Home is—at Harrogate!

Q. E. D.

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that Sir E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT "appeared to be intellectually incapable of distinguishing between charges and proof."]

WHAT, only just found out *that* fact?
As soon expect sense from Dame *Partlet*
As reason, in speech or in act,
From rash, indiscriminate BARTLETT.
In foreign affairs he's a ferret,
But sense from his "charge" holds aloof;
For all know that SILOMIO's spirit,
Is many degrees above "proof"!

WE hear that the salmon-fishing season on the Dee has been a satisfactory one. Some especially good sport was obtained in a pool "near Overton Bridge where the fish collected, when unable, owing to the lowness of the water, to get over the weir." Notwithstanding an equal inability of Members "to get over the Weir," there was not much sport during the recent Session "near Westminster Bridge."

TORR-RESTIAL NOTES.

Happy Thought.—Ilfracombe, just now. If it be a question of "Ways and Means," then Ilfracombe offers you "the ways" in the matter of drives, walks, rides, excursions by rail, by sea, likewise by river and road almost *ad infinitum*, and sometimes by sea *ad nauseam*. Sea-bathing naturally excellent, but still open, considerably open, to improvement. Still, as the man of no politics replied, when asked why he belonged to the Reform Club, "There is in this world nothing so good but what it is capable of improvement," and Ilfracombe cannot claim exemption from this rule of universal application. Should an Ilfracombe-ination require suggestions, mine are at the service of the I. I. C. (Ilfracombe Improvement Committee).

***

On a bench at the summit of the Torrs sat three Elders. Gray-bearded and full of confidence in their own wisdom. On another bench facing them sat a cherry-cheeked maiden of some nineteen summers, evidently an elder sister in charge of a little brother, with whom in a shy sort of way, as if old enough to know better, and yet unable to resist the temptation, she was sharing, with very evident relish, some succulent toffy recently extracted from one of the many "penny-in-the-slot" machines, which, as "bits of colour," are such brilliant ornaments to the Torrs Walks, and such universal favourites with youth of all ages. The three Elders were discoursing on the mysteries of creation, with such a "cock-sureness" of tone as seemed to imply that they themselves had been on some committee of management when the first idea of making this particular planet, called the world, had occurred to its Creator. "These rocks," said one grandly, "were in existence long before the date assigned to the creation." Whereat the toffy-sucking girl sniggered foolishly as if somehow personally implicated, while the boy stared, open mouthed, with toffy, yet untasted, in his dexter hand. "No one," observed the second Elder, blandly, his eyes on the maiden,—not by any means a SUSANNA but rather a fairly educated AWDREY,—"no one now accepts the Mosaic account of Creation as given in Genesis." The boy looked up, inquiringly, at his sister. The girl giggled bashfully as if, in presence of so much learning and such reverend seniors, she were suddenly somewhat ashamed of the home-teaching she had received, and in which her trust had never been shaken, at least until this minute. The third Elder, his eye too on the girl and boy, —and perhaps the toffy,—now joined in. "It is absurd," quoth he, supremely, "to believe that this"—here with a wave of his hand he took in air, earth, sky, and all the points of the compass—"was made in six days." Then both boy and girl sniggered at one another. "I suppose they teach you that all this," said the third Elder, straightly addressing the girl, and again explaining his allusion to the universe by waving his right hand about with an all-embracing gesture, "that this was made in six days, eh?" With a demure and silly giggle the damsel admitted that her education on the subject had tended in the direction indicated. The three Elders regarded one another with a sad, despondent air, as though here were another case of crass ignorance which they had a special mission to enlighten. "Why," said the second Elder, "the Chinese"—here the little boy became suddenly interested—"the Chinese possess records which reach back to a date anterior, by some thousands of years, to that popularly assigned by Christians to the creation of the world." The girl opened her eyes, but the boy, having lost his suddenly awakened interest in the Chinese (probably he had expected some stories about the war with Japan, or another tale of *Aladdin*), had resumed his toffy-sucking process. At this point my companion, who had been fidgetting on our bench, suddenly cut in and took a hand. "You remind me, Sir," said he, quite pleasantly, speaking to the second Elder, but addressing all three, "of the ancient and royal Irish family of O'Toole, whose records, as you will of course remember, went back for some millions of years; and in which, at a comparatively late date, occurred the famous entry, 'N.B.—About this time the world was created.'" As this was told with perfect good humour, and with an inimitably comic imitation of a brogue, the damsel and boy were greatly amused, and the Three Wise Men looked as black as the trio of Anabaptists in *Le Prophète* when there is a danger of the truth being told by *Fides*, as to *Jean of Leyden* being no heaven-descended prophet but only her commonplace peasant-born son. So girl and boy departed, laughing, to gather more sweets, and perhaps to recount at home the Irish story, which, thank heaven, is more likely to dwell in their memory than is the second-hand philosophy "falsely so-called" of the Three Wise Men of the Mountain.

***

Kodakers everywhere. Bathing, walking, resting, admiring the scenery, no matter what you are doing, out pops Mr., Mrs., with the Misses and Masters KODAKER, and you are taken in the act. The snap-shooting season is at its height.

***

Startling to see staring advertisement over a shop in the Arcade. "*Dark Room for Amateurs.*" Sounds like a punishment. Bad amateur actor, or entertainer, sentenced to dark room would, probably, deserve it.

***

The visitor to the delightful Torrs can have one penn'orth or two penn'orth of Torrs. Twopence is the top price. Well worth it, as a treat, now and then. Ordinarily penn'orth of Torrs will suffice. There should be shelters on the Torrs. Immediate attention of I. I. C. requested.

***

The hedges in the lanes are redolent of honey-suckle; and the Torrs Walks are sweet with honey-mooners.

***

Beware of taking too much of the cream of Devon. "Is it possible to take too much?" asks my friend and companion, to whom half a pound of it at breakfast, another half-pound at lunch, and a third at dinner, are but as a dozen natives, at a single sitting, to a champion devourer of bivalves. I cannot resolve my friend's question. But, after emulating, as far as my limited powers would permit me, his excellent example, I had the following curious dream. For particulars, see next paragraph.

***

The Dream.—I was seated opposite a lady, popular alike in the social and political world, whom I will designate as "Lady JAY." It was at a dinner-party, I *think*, though it might have been some other sort of entertainment, as there seemed to me to be, between Lady JAY and myself, the narrow width of a very long table, the ends of which were out of sight. This table was covered with a white cloth, not too clean; and there were no knives, forks, plates, or dishes. The room was inconveniently crowded by persons, inextricably mixed up, none of whom, however, incommoded us in the least, or, indeed, seemed to take the slightest notice of our presence. Somehow, this struck me as delicate conduct on *their* part. Lady JAY was insisting that an Archimandrite could, or could not, do something or other officially. But, having more than once demonstrated to Lady JAY that this act, whatever it was, had no essential bearing on his clerical position, I continued to take very slight interest in the discussion; at least, I thought I did not, until, on Lady JAY suddenly becoming dreadfully in earnest, and most positive as to her being in the right, a Whip of the late Government, whose name I could not recall, but with whose lineaments I was perfectly familiar, interposed some conciliatory remarks. Then Mr. GLADSTONE, in the absence, unaccountably sudden, of both Lady JAY and the Government Whip, strode up and down on the hearth-rug, rubbing the back of his head with his left hand; whereupon I became aware that we were no longer wherever I had been until the appearance of Mr. GLADSTONE on the scene, but that we were in the library of the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing Street. I was seated in an odd sort of spider-legged arm-chair. Mr. GLADSTONE, bringing himself to a halt, turned round, and asked me, pointedly, "Whether I could play the piano." Being rather nettled at the tone of this inquiry, which seemed to imply a doubt of my proficiency as a pianist, I replied, somewhat testily, "Certainly; rather better than BEETHOVEN." Apparently satisfied with my answer, Mr. GLADSTONE said that "if I would oblige *him* by not continuing my discussion with Lady JAY, in which I had been," he admitted, "absolutely right"—and here he made some facetious allusion as to ladies in general, of which I could not catch one word—"I should," he went on, "*have a seat in the Cabinet.*" Oddly enough, this offer of his did not strike me as anything so very extraordinary; and I at once replied, "No, thank you, I'd rather not." But Mr. GLADSTONE would take no refusal; he said, "I have come to a decision on this subject," and then abruptly disappeared, through the wall. Whether it was a few minutes, or hours, afterwards, I could not for the life of me determine, being only conscious of some time having elapsed, before I found myself in an avenue on the Bayswater side of Hyde Park, walking up and down with Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Our conversation there was, I suppose, on the subject of Bulgaria, as this topic was continued by us in a kind of narrow box-room, with hat-pegs on the walls, on which bathing-towels were suspended; there were also trunks on the floor, and school-desks all about, on one of which Mr. MORLEY rested his elbow, swaying himself backwards and forwards like a pendulum, while always talking to me (I was seated on a box), and uttering platitudes

about Bulgaria. I interrupted him by saying curtly, "It is no use talking to me like that, as *I am in the Cabinet.*" Mr. JOHN MORLEY was staggered; but, recovering himself, he turned to HERBERT GARDNER (to whom I apologised for not remembering his title, while he, sitting on a smaller box, smilingly refused to enlighten me), and asked for corroboration of my statement. Whereupon I produced *an autograph letter of* Mr. GLADSTONE'S *to me*, which entirely satisfied Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who, having handed it to HERBERT GARDNER, now candidly disclosed the schemes of the Government on the subject in question, putting forcibly before me "*how we are going to deal with Bulgaria.*" Not a single word of what he said could I understand. Still, as a member of the Cabinet, I felt bound to give his explanations my gravest attention, my difficulty being not to expose my hopeless ignorance by any inappropriate question. It was with some new-born sense of importance that I found we were once again in Lady JAY'S company, this time in her drawing-room, and seated in a low chair, while JOHN MORLEY had brought with him the school-desk, on which he was still leaning his elbow, and still swaying and swinging like a pendulum. Lady JAY was all for resuming her discussion about the Archimandrite, refusing to credit the assurances given by Mr. MORLEY (balancing himself on his elbow) and myself as to my being in the Cabinet secrets. At this point rushed in someone, who was alternately HERBERT GARDNER and a PONSONBY, until he settled down into being HERBERT GARDNER for certain, who exclaimed excitedly, "I have just seen Mr. GLADSTONE! He says, '*It is absurd to suppose that his letter ever meant anything of the sort!*'" I quietly demanded the restoration of Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter to me; so did Mr. JOHN MORLEY. The protean representative of HERBERT GARDNER or PONSONBY, or anybody else, replied simply, "I haven't got it." This seemed to perfectly satisfy everybody, and no further questions being forthcoming, Lady JAY seized the opportunity to declare triumphantly, addressing me personally—JOHN MORLEY and the protean representative having disappeared—how she had "ascertained from a Cardinal that" . . . . But what was the solution of the difficulty, or what was the original difficulty itself, I shall never know in this world, though I may do so in the World of Dreams, as here I awoke, and was so impressed with the reality of the events that had passed, and with the present necessity for recording them, that I at once entered them in my note-book, and here they are.

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(*By "Hansom Jack."*)

No. III.—SPORT—THE OVAL—GOOD OLD W. G.

SPORTSMAN? You bet! Where's the Cabby as isn't? It's born in the bones of us, somehow, I fancy.
'Ighly improper, I s'pose; but life 's dull, and it's livened by something a little bit *chancey*.
Trying your luck's a temptation to most of us, own it or not. Wy, there's old BILLY BARLOW
Got as excited at winning a pig in a raffle as though 'e 'ad broke Monty Carlow.

Wot did 'e want with a pig? But 'twas pickings. Fifty-to-one chance pulled off; that's wot done it.
BILL swears 'is crock once run third in some 'Andicap. Wouldn't 'e like to 'ave owned it, *and* run it?
I 'ave drove cast-offs myself before now, broken-down old bits of blood. Ah! it's rummy
How "cracks"—of all sorts—come down in this world. It's fur easier, p'r'aps, to be cocktail or dummy.

Still I like "form," and I cannot help backing it, when there's a chance, in a oss most pertikler.
But all kinds o' sport cum excitin' to me, down from racin' to cricketin',—*I* 'm not a stickler.
Few things more nicer, when summer sets in, than a chance fare out Kennington way in the day-time.
Bless yer. I 've sit by that old Oval hoarding two hours by St. Mark's—ah! and more, during play-time.

Perched on my box with a heasy leg cock-over, *I*'m quite at 'ome in my private pavilion.
(That's wot *I* call it), a puffing my briar. Ah! cricket 's the sport, after all, for the million.
Slap over from 'Arleyford Road to the Gasworks, I sweep the whole field and pay nothink. Wy, bless yer,
Young THORNTON once slogged a hoff-ball through my winder as cost me two bob,—and I stood it with pleasure.

Seen GRACE spank up more than one of 'is centuries, done "while I waited," most kind, like boot-soleing,
I know the old "Surrey Ring," and its chaff; and I'm not a bad judge of a bit of good bowling.
Lor! when the Mayblossom's out, and GRACE in, with young RICHARDSON pounding away at 'is wicket,
JACK isn't eager for no blooming fare as will take 'im away from the pick o' the cricket.

Well I remember that blue-gilled old buffer as wanted "King's Cross, and look sharp!" quite stercato
As TENOR TIM calls it. 'E weighed sixteen stun, and 'ad got a round face like a blooming tomato.
"Engaged, Sir!" I arnswers, quite heasy and haffable. Lor! 'ow 'e fumed, did that angry old josser,
Talked to me like a Dutch uncle, 'e did, or some Hemperor snubbin' a fourpenny dosser.

"Engaged, Sir, who by?"—"*Mister Grace*," I sez, artful, a-tipping the wink on the sly to the Peelsr.
"Hordered me sharp for six-thirty, hay, constable?" "Right," sez the Slop. "Better try a four-wheeler.
Afternoon's 'ot, and you're not a light weight, Sir!" Oh lor! 'ow old crumpet-face slanged me *and* cricket.
Swore 'e'd ask W. G. if 'twos true, and 'e *wanted to call 'im away from the wicket!*

"Oh, shut your face and eat snuffers!" I sez; for the bowling just then was a-bein' fair collared,
And I 'ad missed two or three boundary 'its, all along o' this "fare," as 'e floundered and hollered.
"*You* ain't no sportsman!" That finished 'im proper, for 'e was a deacon, it seemed, out by Stockwell;
And didn't know *Ladas* from lucky *Sir Visto*, or SHREWSBURY'S "cut" from the "drive" of young BROCKWELL.

Well, I *do* get cricket-cracks for my fares. How the crowd gathers round with their eyes all a-glisten!
And 'ow big I feel; and lor! wot a temptation to look through the trap for a squint or a listen.
I've often druv Bishops and Premiers and such; but I doubt if the whole 'Ouse o' Lords took together,
Would match—say, TOM SAYERS, or STODDART or GRACE after one of their six hours' slambanging the leather.

Sportsman? Oh yes, in my own 'umble way. But I ain't got the fever like JERRY-GO-NIMBLE!
Poor JERRY! 'E *carn't* resist no sort of gamble, from Derby or Oaks to the pea and the thimble.
Mad on it, JERRY is. Bad when it's *that* way, the mischief in fack I like sport and a flutter
A bit within bounds; and if t'aint the *best* biz,—well there, life, after all, isn't *all* bread-and-butter!

"HAIL, divinest Melancholy!" Decidedly the town of Penarth must adopt this Miltonian line as its motto. At a meeting of the Public Works Committee of the District Council, a letter was read in which a citizen complained bitterly of the frivolous name given to the street wherein he had his habitation. Gay Street! How too shocking! "The whole neighbourhood objected to it," and not even the assurance that the thoroughfare had merely been thus designated out of compliment to a noble lady of the locality, whose Christian name was "Gay," served to allay the righteous indignation. Away with the demoralizing title and the base insinuation borne with it! It was proposed that the street—being in the vicinity of All Saints—be known for the future as "Amen Corner," a name suitable to the unswerving sobriety and solemnity of the city. The proposal was put to the vote and carried with only a couple of dissentients. Is it possible that there are even two Penarthians in favour of gaiety?

A MATTER OF "GORSE."—Why will picnicers persist in being so careless? The *Liverpool Courier* reports that a party of them succeeded in setting fire to and destroying some 200 acres of gorse on land belonging to Lord CHOLMONDELEY and Sir PHILIP GREY EGERTON, at Broxton Hills, in Cheshire. Not only was the furze completely burnt, but a "valuable fox cover" was also destroyed. Shades of *Jorrocks*, *M.F.H.*, and his huntsman, *James Pigg*, the "canny" Novocastrian! Pity that these reckless *al fresco* diners—ready enough with their indignant resentment if turned off any domain—could not be apprehended, and summarily dealt with. Sportsmen will echo the words—adapted to the case in point—in *Handley Cross*, "Cut 'em down, and hang 'em up to dry!"

THE CONTRARINESS OF THINGS.

He. "THAT LITTLE TRIP OF OURS TO BOULOGNE NEVER CAME OFF, AFTER ALL!"
She. "NOTHING EVER DOES COME OFF—EXCEPT *BUTTONS!*"

STRICTLY ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

(*Fragment of a Romance found between Fleet Street and the Kaatskill Mountains.*)

RIP VAN WINKLE had slept (thanks to a hypnotic trance) for a considerable time. On opening his eyes he called for a paper. He eagerly glanced through the columns, and was absolutely baffled by the nature of their contents.

"What is the matter?" asked a bystander, who had watched his movements, not without amusement. "Can I help you?"

"Well, yes," replied the sleeper awakened. "When I commenced my slumbers all the world was talking about the Armenian question. Pray tell me, are the Powers going to coerce the Turks?"

"No one knows, and no one cares," was the prompt reply.

"And then there was the excitement about our relation with the French in Africa. Will the matter lead to international complications?"

"My good fellow, the matter does not attract the smallest attention."

"Once more, there was the boom in gold mines. Surely that is a topic of interest to some one?"

"No, I fancy not," came the answer. "Perhaps a few stockbrokers think about it—but I doubt it."

"And how about the reserve of ammunition? Have we got enough Cordite powder or have we not?"

"Really I don't know, and don't care," smilingly replied the person RIP had accosted.

"And how about the SHAHZADA?"

"I believe His Highness has left England, but the movements of the Afghan Prince remain nowadays unreported in the daily papers."

"You astonish me!" exclaimed RIP. "Does nothing interest you?"

"Well, not such out-of-date matters as those to which you have referred. My good friend, you are talking of things that happened ages—or to be quite accurate, about three weeks—ago. They belong to the past."

"Then what is now engaging your attention?"

"Why, one subject to the exclusion of all others—how to spend the recess!"

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed RIP; and being a reasonable sort of person he again sought the good services of the hypnotist and went to sleep, hoping to return to consciousness when his countrymen had finished their holiday.

THE THREE CHOIRS.

A Song of the 172nd musical meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford, which opens at Gloucester on Tuesday, Sept. 10.

AIR—"*The Three Ravens.*"

THERE are Three Choirs—melodious three!—
Down-a-down-a-down-hey-down!
They are as fine as fine can be,
With a down!—
They're going at Gloucester for to meet,
By TUBAL CAIN, they're bad to beat.
With a down, derry, derry down!

Gloucester—Worcester—Hereford! Three!!!
Down-a-down, &c.
Hear them perform the "Mass in C"!
With a down!—
COWEN, SCHÜTZ, PARRY, LLOYD, MACFARREN!
You bet your boots they won't be barren!
With a down, &c.

ALBANI strong, clear EDWARD LLOYD!
Down-a-down, &c.
BEN DAVIES—won't *he* be enjoyed?—
With a down!—
And then there's clever W. HANN,
A brick, as fiddler or as man;
With a down, &c.

Again, Miss ROSALIND ELLICOTT!
Down-a-down, &c.
That Bishop's daughter knows what's what,
With a down!—
Then C. LEE WILLIAMS, Gloucester's pride,
Conducts—himself and all beside.
With a down, &c.

They'll all go off, each Great Old Gun,
Down-a-down, &c.,
HANDEL, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN,—
With a down!—
Nor, 'midst the old Titanic lot,
Shall HENRY PURCELL be forgot,
With a down, &c.

Ah! well-a-day! London admires,—
Down-a-down-a-down-hey-down
This Festival of the Three Choirs.
With a down!—
So heaven spare, music for to foster,
Hereford, Worcester, "Good old Gloucester!"
With-a-down-derry-derry-derry-derry-down!

NEWS FROM THE PROVINCES.—A gentleman who was trying to cut a joke hurt himself severely. He says he will never again attempt the experiment, and his family express themselves satisfied.

"FORTY WINKS!"

A HASTY INFERENCE.

"AND, ME DEAR, IF YE FOIND MISTHRESS A BIT HOT-TEMPERED AT TOIMES, YE MUSTN'T MOIND IT. THE FAMILY HAVE BLACK BLOOD IN THEIR VEINS. JUST LOOK AT THEM PORTRAITS OF THEIR ANCESTORS!"

ANOTHER DIALOGUE OF THE NIGHT.

SCENE—*The Shades at Nightfall. Swiftian Interlocutors as before.*

Mr. Neverout (*reading*). "I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which has outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching."

Colonel Alwit. Ha! ha! ha! So wrote the Dean in the Eighteenth Century. I wonder what he would say now!

Mr. Neverout (*continuing*). "The whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England are summed up in it."

Miss Notable. Oh la! Let anyone now take a matron down to dinner, or sit out a dance with a pretty girl!

Lord Sparkish. "The whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England" must have gone out with full-bottomed wigs and hooped petticoats.

Lady Answerall. I protest that a neat repartee, or a "smart turn of wit or humour," is the rarest of things nowadays.

Lord Smart. Save among cabmen and costers.

Sir John Linger. Faith, my Lord, your street Arabs and gutter-snipes have a smack of it. *They* are the true NEVEROUTS and NOTABLES of the time.

Miss Notable. Sir JOHN, you do me proud!

Mr. Neverout. Out on this pestilent, levelling democracy, which brings even wit to its last refuge, the gutter!

Colonel Alwit. Better lie, like SHERIDAN, with Wit in the gutter, than perch, like H——y, with Dulness on the Woolsack!"

Mr. Neverout. Egad! Miss NOTABLE has wit at will.

Miss Notable. And Mr. NEVEROUT would be Echo, were he not Narcissus.

Lady Smart. Humph! We've had the "humour" and the "politeness," now for the eloquence.

Mr. Neverout. "CHLOE, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows."

Miss Notable. In dinner's blanks, in dancing's whirls,
The fellows cannot talk with girls.

Lord Sparkish. Well capped, i' faith!

Sir John Linger. Will the New Woman talk, I wonder?

Lady Answerall. Nay; as she claims all Man's special privileges, from votes to cigarettes, from bicyles to latch-keys, she will hardly forego his most cherished and distinctive one—taciturnity!

Mr. Neverout. There was a travelling fellow awhile ago who hung himself up in a cage in the tropical forests, to study the language of—monkeys. Why did not he turn his attention to the equally scanty, inarticulate, and unintelligible utterance of that Society Simian, the haw-haw "Masher"—is not that the term for an up-to-date dandy, my Lord?—of the banquet and the ball-room?

Lady Smart. Ah! now the eloquence-tap is turned on!

Mr. Neverout. But not like the Mulberry One's, at the main, your Ladyship!

Miss Notable. Ah! if they had but companies to turn on talk at pleasure, as they do gas and water!

Colonel Alwit. As it is, it comes like fountains in the desert or Trafalgar Square—only in intermittent spurts and squirts, not like the water company's never-failing service, on the "constant supply" system.

Sir John Linger. Humph! An East-end fishmonger's comment might throw some light on that subject, Colonel.

Lady Sparkish. Well, Sir JOHN, we must admit that the growth of Science keeps pace with the spread of Stupidity. So doubtless the time will soon come when pocket-phonographs will obviate the necessity of individual vocal efforts, and leave men to give undivided attention to their dinners, matrons to their daughters' marriage-chances, maidens to the marriageable men, and marriageable men to their—moustaches!

Mr. Neverout. Unless, indeed, when we know all we shall be silent about everything.

Lord Sparkish. Quite likely, my dear NEVEROUT. Already talk—except in spurts and spasms—is confined mainly to childhood—first or second. Of the Seven Ages of Man—I say nought about Woman, ladies!—why, the first and last only are loquacious.

Lady Smart. In which of the two garrulous stages would you place Parliament, my Lord?

Lord Sparkish. The Commons in the former; the Lords in the latter.

Colonel Alwit. And the Hibernian Members?

Lord Sparkish. Oh, faith! an "iligant" blend of *both!!!*

Lady Answerall. Well, *I* agree with sweet WILLIAM's *Gratiano*, that—
"Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible."

Mr. Neverout. While your Ladyship speaks, speech will ever be silvern!

Miss Notable. And silence is not yet golden—in the Shades.

A BATTLE IN A SODA-WATER BOTTLE.

IT appears that the enterprising commanders of the Royal Artillery stationed at Dover have recently been getting themselves disliked by the members of the National Alliance of Mineral Waters Associations (Limited), by producing gaseous waters at the canteen under their control, and offering them for sale to their comrades in garrison. According to a story laid before the Secretary of State for War, the representatives of the scientific branch of the army in question have had dealings with the gallant West Surrey and the equally gallant West Riding, much to the disgust of the trading producers of non-alcoholic compounds. The 3rd Battalion of the King's Own Rifle Corps (late 60th) are also at Dover, but there is no evidence to show that these warriors have preferred "R. A. aërateds" to brands as yet better known to the consumers of effervescing drinks. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, this labour, savouring more of peace than of war, enabled the controllers of the cannon to contribute some £40 in prizes to the garrison sports held at Dover on Saturday last. Whether the financial game was worth the athletic candle is a matter that must be decided by military experts qualified to weigh the respective advantages of burning "villainous saltpetre" and preparing that exhilarating liquid known amongst civilians as "fizzle." Admittedly, lemonade and its companion "ginger pop" when they scintillate are grateful drinks, but it would scarcely be advisable if through the, no doubt, well intentioned efforts of those concerned, the Royal Artillery gained an equally appropriate but less impressive designation. It would indeed be a sad thing if it ever became necessary for some General to have to sing out, "Here, you Sir, in command of those Royal Ginger Popgunners, limber up your soda-water manufacturing apparatus and retire at the gallop to the canteen in the rear!" Such a direction, if delivered in the piping time of peace would sound incongruous, and might predict disaster if uttered in the hideous hour of war.

THE CRICKET THREE.

GREAT GRACE to young
MACLAREN yields his
place,
And RANJITSINHJI follows after GRACE.
Mid Harrow's noblest sons
let MAC be reckoned,
Who tops the list with
such a mighty second.
And well I know that RANJIT's fame will stand
Firm and secure on
India's coral strand.
Oft have I seen upon the
level sward
That 's owned, or used to
be, by Mr. LORD,
While countless thousands,
watching ball and bat,
Rang out loud cheers and
waved th' applausive
hat,
Oft have I seen that
cricketer or this
Bat, bowl, or field, or
catch (or even miss),
And oft, astounded by some
piece of play,
Have marked with letters
red th' auspicious day;
Yet ne'er before three
heroes have I seen
Move apt and splendid on
the well-rolled green;
Men of one skill, though
varying in race,
MACLAREN, RANJITSINHJI, Grand Old
GRACE.

Old Saw Re-set.

MR. GEORGE NATHANIEL
CURZON [son,"
May be a "superior pur-
But Mr. TOMMY GIBSON
BOWLES
Is the sturdiest of souls;
And "those who at Bowles
will play
Must expect rubbers,"—so
men say!

MUCH ADO.

"MAMMA-A-A! BOO-HOO! WE 'S CRYING! TUM UP 'TAIRS AN' SEE WHAT 'S DE MATTER WIV US!"

THE LAY OF THE LANCASHIRE LASS.

["What will Lancashire think to-day when she reads the declarations of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON and Mr. A. J. BALFOUR?"—*Leeds Mercury.*]

OH, was it for this that I
rushed to the poll
To register votes for the
Tories?
When they told me repeal
was the Unionist goal,
Were they tales of (Stan)
hope, or mere stories?
The snare of the FOWLER
they 'd help me to scape
They vowed—on each Lancashire platform.
But Indian Finance *their*
excuse? A poor jape!
I thought they *would* rise
above *that* form!
Oh, ARTHUR, oh, GEORGIE!
Reeds broken and rotten
I fear you are both, on
reviewing it.
You hinted at taking those
duties off cotton,
You don't seem to cotton
to doing it!
And now, when I'm trying
your pity to move,
Why seem you so deaf to
my prayers?
Perhaps you are bound to
dissemble your love,
But oh!—*must* you kick
me down stairs?

THAT excellent association, the Society of Women Journalists, has just issued its first annual report. From this interesting document, the world learns that the members have derived many benefits from a body that could justly adopt the motto of "Defence, not Defiance." The institution very properly claims for the authoress the right to receive no wrong.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE just finished *Napoléon et les femmes*, by FRÉDÉRIC MASSON. On the cover is "*dix-huitième édition*," which shows what a success the book has obtained. The author is an apologist for NAPOLEON. The Emperor can do no wrong. What in the private individual is rank blasphemy, is, to this author, in the Emperor only a pardonable weakness. Whatever NAPOLEON may have been as the "Man of Destiny" and as the greatest military genius of his time, he was, if most of these stories be true, as a man, a satyr, a cad (there is no other English word for it), and a snob. Satyr he was apparently always; satyr and cad in certain instances, especially as regards the "WALEWSKA affair," in which so many personages took part; everyone of them outraging morality, and all disregarding the sacredness of marriage; though to Madame WALEWSKA herself must be apportioned the least share of the guilt in which all were steeped up to the hilt. Madame WALEWSKA yielded herself as a victim to a most cruel combination of circumstances; and of this NAPOLEON availed himself to the utmost. It was in his power to have behaved as a gentleman for once, but he allowed the opportunity to slip. That he appears, on one occasion, to have permitted a poor terrified, artless victim to escape is put forward triumphantly by his apologist as a proof of his magnanimity; but even a satiated animal will refuse food, though if the food be in his possession he will play the dog in the manger. He had a tigerish admiration for the deepest tragedy, and abhorred farce and comedy. He could play like a child with the one child of whom he hoped great things. Cad he was always, in his dealings with men and women. As an imperial cad he was toadied by his grovelling courtiers; but when there is much to be gained by toadying a cad, and everything to lose by not toadying him, all will be toadies from the highest to the lowest. The exceptions are rare. A thorough snob did "the Corsican upstart" show himself in his eager anxiety for recognition by the royal and aristocratic families of Europe, and by his servility to the Austrian EMPEROR, in order to obtain the hand of the high-born MARIE-LOUISE. If ever tyrant deserved defeat and disgrace NAPOLEON did so. Like Cardinal WOLSEY, what "best became him in his life was the leaving of it." Those interested, and who is not, in "the NAPOLEON Legend," should not fail to read this book, says

THE STUDIOUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE annual "Timmer" Market, or Timber Fair, has been waking the echoes of sober Aberdeen "with lively din." The Aberdonian youth, so says the *Daily Free Press*, "shook the nerves of peace-loving citizens by the hideous and discordant noise of tin trumpets and cornerakes." This is odd, for one might imagine that the Caledonian ear, which attunes itself so easily, willingly, and often to the screeches of that national instrument of torture the bagpipe, would hail the comparatively soothing strains of tin trumpet and cornerake with eager enthusiasm. Not so, however. For the "bra' laddie" the *only* music is that which is emitted by the bagpipe. It appeals to his delicate artistic sense, and, like a much advertised remedy, "it touches the spot." *Vive la bag(pipe)atelle!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 2.—A sight for Lords and Commons to see Lord High Admiral JOKIM seated between

When in doubt, consult the Cap'en.

Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES and ARNOLD-FORSTER, imbibing naval information at the pores, as *Joey Ladle*, in far-off-days, deep in the recesses of his employer's cellar, took his spirituous refreshment.

"How happy could I be with either were t'other instructor away," said JOKIM, rubbing his pleased sides with rapturous content. "Or, happier still," he added, *sotto voce*, "if both would take themselves off."

In his secret heart the CAP'EN looks upon ARNOLD-FORSTER as a landlubber.

"He wouldn't," he says, with fine scorn, "know how to belay a sheet when a ship was stepping fore and aft under a booming nor'-wester. I'd lay a rope's end to a bumboat-man's back that he couldn't pass a spare spar through the man-hole without first pulling up the trysail."

ARNOLD-FORSTER, on his part, suspects the CAP'EN hasn't seen nearly so much of the wild ocean as casual observations dropped by him may indicate. He makes much of certain variations in the old salt's story of how he came to lose his hand in the service of his country. There is, certainly, some doubt as to whether it was the Prince Consort or ALBERT Prince of Wales who sent him that famous letter accompanying the hook which at this day enables the CAP'EN to overhaul the estimates. But this is due rather to wealth of experience than to poverty of veracity. When a man has seen everything, gone so far, and knows so much as TOMMY, he may be forgiven if occasionally he mixes up a name or two, a date, or an episode.

Some uneasiness in ministerial circles last week upon observation of MACARTNEY going about his country's business in white ducks. These are, so to speak, Cap'en TOMMY's colours. Always ducks them when he goes on the warpath against the Admiralty. For the Secretary of all men, he the only man, to follow TOMMY's example in this respect didn't look well. Was said to be a hint to whom it might concern that if the department didn't treat him with more respect, MACARTNEY would carry over to the enemy his stored wealth of naval knowledge. Since Private HANBURY got his stripes, and is now referred to in debate as "The Honourable Corporal," CAP'EN has no party. With MACARTNEY forming the nucleus of one, who knows what might not happen?

House relieved to-night to find Secretary to Admiralty has hauled down sign of revolt, and put on ordinary trousers. If there was anything in the incident, all is well now. That there may have been appears from the CAP'EN's unusually embittered tone when the subject is alluded to.

"Call *them* ducks!" he cried in scorn. "They were only white drawers. No member of this House should attempt to walk up the floor in ducks unless he is prepared to keep on his domestic staff a man who has made the garment a life-long study; who knows how to wash it, starch it, iron it, and, above all, to fold it up."

Business done. — Appropriation Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—One decided advantage of change of position of sections of parties on formation of new Ministry is to bring SILOMIO within reach of HEMPRER JOE's knobstick. In last Parliament, united against common enemy, SILOMIO was most deferential to "my right hon. friend," while JOSEPH's respect for patriotic instinct of Swazi Chief, whose fathers, having come over with the Conqueror, went out in the *Mayflower*, was sometimes past expression. Now HEMPRER JOE has come into his kingdom; his knobstick is exchanged for a sceptre, whilst SILOMIO begins to realise something of the feelings of the Red Man when harried by his haughty ancestors. Like him, SILOMIO's possessions are taken from him. His Civil Lordship of the Admiralty is given to another, and that other the son of his former trusted right hon. friend. When, therefore, to-night SILOMIO, from his arid exile below the gangway, sings again his old song with its low lament—

Swaziland, my Swaziland!

and when HEMPRER JOE, to the delight of scoffers opposite, rolls him over and over, pinks his fluffy eloquence with scornful stiletto, no wonder he turns at bay, and reminds L'HEMPRER of things he said about HERCULES ROBINSON at a time he sat untrammelled on Opposition benches.

Shaft goes home. L'HEMPRER very angry. "A statement that ought not to be made," he says, withering SILOMIO with direful look. Ministerialists loyally cheer; Opposition lightly laugh; SILOMIO, buffeted on all sides, comforts himself with thoughts of faithful friends in far-off Swaziland. There is at least one spot on earth where he is appreciated. Soon he may shake off from his moccasins the dust of civilisation, and hie him thither.

"Swaziland, my Swaziland!"

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read second time.

Wednesday.—Lo! the poor Indian Budget at last. 'Tis the poor relation of Parliamentary Bills. At commencement of every Session Members interested in India protest against Budget being postponed till very last hours, when most people are gone away, and those who remain are hopelessly weary. SECRETARY OF STATE promises amendment. Here we are something later than usual. Yesterday's sitting was solemnly set apart for Indian Budget. Other things—Chitral, Cotton Duties—crowded it out. Meekly looks in to-day, hoping it doesn't intrude.

Strange peace fallen over House. GEORGIE HAMILTON's voice echoes over spaces desolate as the outlook of the rupee. Not a single Irish Member left to object to anything. For them the scene of conflict is transferred to Ireland. There the inoffensive TIM stands at bay, JUSTIN MCCARTHY having at length dealt him that "good hard knock" the imminence of which E. R. lately forecast in these prophetic pages. There WILLIAM O'BRIEN, with wet handkerchief mopping wetter eyes, tells stories out of school of TIM's unnatural naughtiness when good Mr. G. was bringing in his Home-Rule Bill, and upon other enticing occasions. There patriots bang their brothers in pursuit of peace, and hate each other for the love of Ireland.

"Did you ever," I in weak moment asked the unsympathetic SARK, "read *The Dead of Clonmacnois*, a Gaelic lyric of a time immemorial? There are two verses of the musical English rendering that haunt me when I listen to an Irish debate.

In a quiet watered land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair;
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

Many and many a son of CONN the Hundred Fighter
In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan COLMAN the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast."

Exit Toby.

"Pretty," said SARK, with quite unexpected approval. "First line perfection. But, you will observe, the poet studiously refrains from affirming the final extinction of the family of the estimable CONN. 'Many and many a son,' he says, in the red earth lies at rest. One at least is left. They in their time had CONN the Hundred Fighter. We have TIM the Hundred-and-Fifty Fighter."

Business done.—All.

Thursday.—Parliament prorogued. World must go round as best it may till February next.

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

IN the London correspondence of a provincial paper it is stated that "Lord HOTHFIELD, who recently gave up the errors and heresies of Liberalism to seek security in Conservatism, has been elected a member of the Carlton. His characteristic exclamation on entering the club the first time after his election was, 'Thank God, I can now have a quiet game of whist,' meaning I suppose, that his mind was now at rest." This explanation of Lord HOTHFIELD's meaning does credit to the ingenuity of the correspondent. It is a sublime spectacle, that of a Radical peer forswearing his errors merely that he may have a quiet game of whist at the Carlton. Such a coruscating specimen of the wit and wisdom of our hereditary peerage should go far to reconcile even Mr. LABOUCHERE to the existence of the House of Lords.

CONFUSION on your programmes, your turbulence, your din:
Your tattered mob of Radicals, how blind they are and lame.
Lord HOTHFIELD proudly leaves your ranks, the Carlton takes him in;
Behold him in the whist-saloon enjoying of his game.

Some men are led by blighted hopes to leave the ancient fold,
And some by mere conviction, and some by thirst for fame;
And some because the Government were far too fond of gold;
Lord HOTHFIELD quits the Radicals because he wants a game.

A quiet game his Lordship loves; ex-Radical and peer,
With what a wealth of irony he puts his foes to shame;
And LABBY's self amazed forbears the customary sneer,
When HOTHFIELD in the Carlton sits enjoying of his game.

I HAVE been reading about the harvest festivals with which the country has been lately teeming. They are all made on one pattern. The interior of the building is very tastefully adorned with fruit and foliage, supplied by friends connected with the church and others. The subject of one reverend gentleman's discourse in the morning is, "Put in the sickle." In the afternoon another reverend gentleman discourses on "A stroll through a corn-field," and in the evening a third clergyman poses his congregation with the question, "What shall be done with the tares?" Thank-offerings in aid of the church funds are then taken, the choir sings special harvest hymns, and somebody invariably "presides" at the organ.

THE temptations of the fruit are sometimes, I am sorry to say, irresistible. I have seen an absent-minded landed proprietor steadily pluck and eat his way through a whole bunch of grapes, while the preacher held forth on the symbolic meaning attached to fruit. The attention of the congregation, I need hardly say, was breathlessly concentrated not on the preacher, but on the devourer of the grapes. At a festival I attended last year, the fruits of the earth were represented by dead rabbits on the window-sills of the church.

BY the way, why does one always "preside" at the organ? At the first blush there would not seem to be anything peculiarly presidential about the playing of the instrument, but then I may be dull. For instance, I have never yet understood why young tobacconists are always alluded to as "commencing." Other traders are content to begin or to start, but a tobacconist must apparently "commence" or be eternally disgraced.

OH, dealer in the latest brand
Of Claro and Maduro,
One question agitates our land,
From Ballater to Truro.
In Belfast I have heard it put,
Where men the Home Rule whim rue;
'Tis asked amid our London soot,
And in the realms of Cymru.
On gray St. Andrews' windy links,
So niblicky and cleeky;
In far Glenlivet, famed for drinks;
In Auld Athenian Reekie.

Where Cornwall's rock-bound coast defies
The surge of the Atlantic,
One puzzle-question takes the prize,
And drives the public frantic.
One matchless question fairly burns,
It leads us all a dance, Sir;
Ye men who profit by Returns,
Return me quick an answer;
Explain, tobacconist to me,
Without unduly fencing,
Why those who end in smoke should be
Unceasingly commencing.

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN has been visiting Manchester and Liverpool, and has confided his impressions of these great cities to the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. He admires Manchester for "its admirable tramway, street police, and other traffic arrangements," but there is an *amari aliquid* in the shape of the Manchester street Arab. Mr. BLACKBURN has all an artist's tolerance; but, as might be expected of a black and white artist, he feels bound to draw the line, and he draws it before street Arabs. He thinks it worth while to mention—

"A pedestrian's experience of his, generally, free fight with the street *gamin* culminating on Saturday afternoon last at 2.15 by being tripped up and thrown down in the middle of the road near the Central Station, and only saved from further contact with the said tramcars by rolling quickly round and round into the gutter. This rapid act was witnessed, doubtless, by several of your readers, two of whom rendered timely assistance. I am aware that it is the rule in any household or community for a guest conform to its ways for the time being, and not to complain of any *contretemps*; but, having had a second encounter (of less consequence) on the very steps of the entrance to the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, on the same afternoon, I venture to think that the juvenile—and in some respects perfectly delightful—street vendors of matches, flowers, and football newspapers have a little too much of a free run in both these cities."

AT LAST.—Mr. LANE, the Magistrate, appealed to by an Indian gentleman as to whether he—the I. G.—might "turn round upon" rude street-boys, who called him "Lulali," and asked whether he—the Magistrate—would like it himself, replied that he had lived too long in the world to care about such matters. This imperturbable "Beak" is evidently then—at last—the often-talked-of "Long Lane that has no turning."

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